

liberal feeding.—*S. U. Pattee in German-
en Telegraph.*

1980

Horticultural.

PRUNUS SIMONI AND PRUNUS PISSARDI.

Almost from our earliest recollections of fruit culture, a popular "fad" has been, to object to the use of Latin names in connection with plants and fruits, even in defining or classifying them botanically; and this in spite of the obvious advantages to be secured, in the use of a language common to scientific people of all nationalities.

Such being the popular tendency, in matters of this character, it is with no little surprise that we note the advent into pomology, of the phraseology of botany, in the application of the specific, scientific terms at the head of this article, to mere varieties of the plum, instead of their equivalents in correct pomological form—*Simoni* and *Pissardi*.

The objection to such use of these names consists in the fact that these are strictly botanical terms, indicating distinct species; the application of which to mere varieties is an usurpation and misuse of scientific terms, calculated to mislead those who may not have acquired a previous knowledge of the facts in the case.

But the circumstance most surprising in the case is the quick readiness with which this new departure in pomology is accepted by the erstwhile vociferous objectors to even the legitimate scientific use of these or similar terms.

If we imagine these old-time objectors endeavoring to school their lingual organs in the use of such names as *Prunus Lombardi*, *Vitis Delaware*, *Morus Downingi*, or *Frangula Jessel*, we may gain some adequate conception of the torrent of condemnation which might reasonably have been expected to greet the advent of such names as those at the head of this article. T. T. LYON.

THE PLUM ORCHARD.

Benton Gebhardt, of Mears, read the following paper upon the cultivation of the plum at the West Michigan Society's annual meeting:

The original parent of the cultivated plum of our gardens and orchards, is a native of Asia and southern parts of Europe; but it has become fully acclimated to our climate and soils, as a great many of our very choicest varieties have originated in this country and in many parts have produced fruit in abundance. That the soil and climate of the middle and southern States are admirably adapted to this fruit is sufficiently proven by the almost spontaneous production of such varieties as the Washington, Jefferson, Che's Golden Drop, etc., sorts which equal or surpass in beauty and flavor the most celebrated plums of France or England.

Varieties—In regard to the best varieties to plant for profit, I find the following list the best, named in the order of ripening:

Bradshaw, fruit very large, dark violet bloom, with a slight neck; tree an upright and vigorous grower and productive; ripens middle of August.

Duane's Purple, fruit large size, roundish, inclined to be swollen on one side; color, a reddish purple, very handsome; tree an upright and rapid grower and bears annual crops. Ripens late of August.

Lombard, fruit medium, oval, violet, red, juicy, and good; tree hardy and immensely productive; a valuable market variety; ripens September first.

Pond's Seedling, fruit very large, sometimes of immense size, form of *Magnum Bonum*; color a light red with a beautiful lilac bloom; one of the most attractive in cultivation; tree a good upright grower, and fair bearer; inclined to rot in some seasons; ripens from the 10th to 15th of September.

Quakerboss, fruit large, oblong oval, deep purple; valuable for market; tree a vigorous and spreading grower, hardy and productive; ripens middle of September.

Bavay's Green Gage, fruit medium to large, roundish, oval, pale yellow marked with red in the sun; hangs long on the tree and is a market fruit of great value; tree moderately vigorous and remarkably productive; ripens late of September.

Shropshire Damson, fruit small to medium, but larger than the common Damson, roundish oblong; color dark blue; on account of its lateness it commands high prices in market; tree a moderate grower but very productive; ripens Oct. 1.

Of the late novelties, or new varieties, I mention only two, not having fruited these to any extent as yet.

Shipper's Pride, fruit medium, round, oval, color dark purple, with a heavy bloom and handsome appearance; tree a very strong and upright grower, hardy and early bearer; ripens Sept. 15.

Stanton, fruit nearly round, medium to large; color a dark bluish purple, and on account of its late ripening, said to be one of the most valuable for market; tree a strong grower, hardy and prolific, season of ripening, Oct. 1 to 10.

Management—Open standard culture is the universal mode in America, as the plum is one of the hardest of fruit trees; and being as it is, an annual and heavy bearer, it naturally requires a good soil or a great quantity of fertilizer applied annually to bearing orchards. As the plum is so very productive, do not let the trees overbear or break down with their fruit. But trim the fruit properly, so as to have it perfect and not injure the vitality of the tree. The best mode of culture is to plant the ground early in the spring, each season, and cultivate thoroughly during the time of fruiting. It requires only very little pruning, beyond that of thinning out a crowded head or taking away decayed or broken branches, also heading back young trees when making too luxuriant growth of wood in one season. The plum will grow vigorously in almost every part of the State; but is longer lived, and bears its most abundant crops in heavy loams or on soils in which there is a considerable mixture of clay. It also does most excellently in good sandy soils, mixed with gravel, if properly fertilized, bearing immense crops of perfect, highly colored, and well developed fruit; and, too, it is more exempt from rot than on heavy damp soils.

Marking the fruit is a very important matter to consider, especially if we have to deal with or deliver it to express companies to handle and dump about. Fruit of this class should be handled with the utmost

care, as much so as you would handle a package of eggs, and not dumped around as farm produce or lumber.

To reach its best condition, the plum must be ripened upon the tree, but when shipped a long distance, and for market, it can not be allowed to ripen on the tree, but must be picked while yet hard. Pick the fruit with care, to retain the bloom on it as much as possible. Put up for market in neat and attractive packages, either one-fifth or bushel baskets, always covered with a fine quality of tarlatan, and not mosquito netting as some are accustomed to use, and you will have fruit you need not fear to offer in any market.

Of insects we have the curculio, black aphid, and leaf slug; but of all the curculio is the most destructive insect we have to combat with. Never having the experience, or believing it to be effectual, in the use of spraying the trees with water containing Paris green or London purple, I would simply refer to the mode of jarring the trees with the sheet and mallet for destroying this troublesome pest. For the aphid, use strong soap suds or kerosene emulsion, and for the leaf slug find air-slaked lime or dry dust to prove effectual. Fight the insects with vengeance and keep all fallen fruit picked up and destroyed, and you will meet with success.

Curculio and Cherries.

The following is a summary of the experiments and conclusions from Bulletin No. 4, Ohio Experiment Station.

1. These experiments were undertaken to learn what effect the application of London purple and lime to cherries, soon after the fruit forms, would have in preventing the injuries of the plum curculio, or in other words, in lessening the number of wormy cherries.

2. For the carrying on of the experiment a half-acre orchard of bearing trees was set aside, and a part of it treated while the rest was left as a check.

3. London purple was applied in a water spray, mixed in the proportion of one-half pound to 50 gallons water.

4. Lime was applied in a water spray, mixed in the proportion of four quarts to 50 gallons, until the leaves were whitened.

5. The cherries were critically examined when nearly ripe and the number of specimens injured by the curculio recorded. In this way 25,500 cherries were individually cut open and recorded.

6. From eight trees sprayed thrice with London purple 8,000 cherries were examined, of which 280, or 3.5 per cent. were wormy, while from seven companion trees not treated 7,500 were examined, of which 1,085 or 14.5 per cent. were wormy. This represents a saving of 11.14 or 75.8 per cent of the fruit liable to injury.

7. From two trees sprayed four times with London purple 2,000 cherries were examined, of which 69, or 3.45 per cent. were wormy.

8. Two quarts of cherries from each of these lots were chemically examined at the time of ripening by Professor H. A. Weber, and showed no trace of arsenic in any form.

9. Five trees sprayed four times with lime yielded 45 wormy cherries out of 5,000 examined, while five check trees yielded 775 wormy cherries from 5,000 examined. The percentage of the former was 9.3 while that of the latter was 15.5, which gives a percentage of benefit from the treatment of 40.3.

CONCLUSIONS.

These experiments apparently show, so far as the results of a single season's work with a single variety of cherry can be relied on:

1. That three-fourths of the cherries liable to injury by the plum curculio can be saved by two or three applications of London purple in a water spray (in the proportion one ounce to five gallons water) made soon after the blossoms fall.

2. That if an interval of a month occurs between the last application and the ripening of the fruit no danger to health need be apprehended from its use. As a precautionary measure, however, I would advise in all cases, and especially when there are few rains during this interval, that the fruit be thoroughly washed before it is used.

3. That lime is not so certain in its preventive effect as London purple, saving in these experiments only forty per cent of the fruit liable to injury.

A Crop of Cauliflower.

A correspondent of *Popular Gardening* tells how he grew a crop of cauliflower successfully—in all respects save market price—and some things he learned during the process:

The first move made was to learn what the product usually sold for; inquiry in Cleveland revealed that \$1.25 to \$2.50 per dozen were nearly the outside figures. These prices looked pretty fair when 1,000 dozen plants could be grown on an acre.

To learn how to grow it an old English gardener was consulted, and as usual good seed, thrifty young plants set out early in rich, moist, well prepared soil, and well cultivated were the directions. It looked easy, especially in the winter time when there was no other work to hinder.

Here let me say is a mistake that many make when plans are maturing for the next season's work. They lay out more than it is possible for them to do well when the time comes. The seed I purchased consisted of one ounce of Early Erfurt, one ounce of Le Normande, two papers of Early Snowball, costing \$2.50 together. An eighth ounce of Snowball at 50 cents would have been cheaper than two papers at 25 cents each.

A troublesome point was the proper time to sow the seed. Done too soon the plants would get too large, and sown too late valuable time would be lost in promoting their early maturity. I sowed March 6th on prepared soil, consisting of garden loam, leaf mold, and lake sand, placed in shallow boxes, in rows an inch apart. The boxes were placed in a warm room and kept watered; seed sowed up in a week.

On the ground selected eight large two horse loads of fresh horse manure were drawn in the spring. These piles were turned over several times, and later were spread over the ground and plowed in. A hot bed of four sash was also made, and was ready on the 6th of April for the plants. Previously the plants had grown a little spindling and had damped off. The plants grew in the hot bed until the 11th of May. Hot weather prevented planting out earlier and many

plants rotted off in the hot bed, so that my 3,000 plants had been reduced to 1,500; many of these died and about half of the ground planted was not fit for their growth. They received three hoeings and twice as many cultivations.

The first cutting for market was made on June 28th, but might have been done on at least 10 days earlier. The cuttings for market lasted until Aug. 23d, when 25 heads were cut. On July 17th, 72 heads were sold for \$8.10; on July 26th, 96 heads were sold for \$6.00, these were the largest cuttings made at any one time. The total number of heads sold was 554, bringing \$51.05.

It cost so much to grow the crop that the balance was but \$5 in favor of the crop, on two-sevenths of an acre. But one-seventh of an acre produced the crop, and the cultivation of the other six-sevenths materially increased the cost, hence, deducting this, the balance is increased to \$33.51, profit on one-seventh of an acre.

Some things learned are that one ounce of seed will produce about 3,500 plants; that Early Erfurt did the best; that Le Normande is not a variety for early or late planting; that the best way would be to sow the seed in the hot-bed about the first of April; that the plants must be kept growing without a check if possible; that to have fine white heads the leaves must be tied together as soon as the little heads begin to show; that green rye straw about eighteen inches long is an excellent material for tying; and lastly, that it is not best to base your operations on the expectation of 1,000 dozen to the acre, at \$1.50 per dozen. It is better to wait and take what you can get.

Woods and Malarial Diseases.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, after alluding to the assertion often made that the removal of the native forests tends to cause an increase of malarious diseases, says:

"Now, with all respect for the opinions of these learned men, and half a score of French, German, and Italian writers who have attempted to prove the same thing (without a particle of evidence that would be received in a court of justice), I would say that the truth seems to be directly the reverse, and that malarious districts of great extent have been rendered healthful and salubrious by cutting down the timber, clearing up the land, letting in the sunlight and the wind to dry up the stagnant water, purify the air, and destroy the malarious germs of malarial diseases."

All Northern Pennsylvania, when first settled by white men, was subject to fever and ague, which attacked every family and each member of the family. The strong men shook as well as the weak and the young. Its visits from house to house were not seldom but frequent, and when once it came, it was never in a hurry to go. It was the prevailing epidemic, and it remained until much of the country was cleared of its woods and under cultivation, and it disappeared, except perhaps in the neighborhood of some pond of stagnant water full of decaying logs and leaves. So entirely has fever and ague left this part of the country that it would be hard to find a resident under forty years of age who has ever seen a case, unless it was imported, or he saw it when abroad. Mr. J. A. Foote, writing to the *Rural New Yorker*, says:

"I speak as a resident of Indiana for 50 years, and assert that I believe that there is a vast improvement in the health of the people, and that the mortality from malarial diseases now is not one-fourth what it was 40 and 50 years ago, in proportion to population. An old physician tells me that there is no comparison to be made between the past and the present, in respect to the general health, and that as to malarial diseases, there is not one case now to ten in those days when there was twice or three times the extent of forest there is now."

"There is no doubt that the shade of woods is favorable in preserving the rain and snow water for evaporation, for the benefit of springs, wells and mill streams. There is no doubt that a forest will break the force of the fierce blasts of winter, and make it more comfortable for men and animals who live in its midst, or on the lee side of it. There is no doubt about the necessity of preserving a certain proportion of woods for growing timber, without which it is hard to see how the business of civilized life could be carried on; but when people talk about the removal of the forest causing malarial diseases and uncertainty of the rainfall, extremes of drought and flood, extremes of heat and cold, and diminished humidity in the atmosphere, they are going beyond the bounds of truth and reason, and are likely to injure the cause they are endeavoring to advocate."

The above is full of truth. Washtenaw, one of the wealthiest and healthiest counties in Michigan, 60 years ago was so full of malaria that the first settlers fairly shook their teeth out with fever and ague, a disease that has almost disappeared with the clearing up of the forests of the State and the consequent better drainage.

A New Apple.

If the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before may be entitled to be called a benefactor of his country—as has been stated by some writer—certainly the man who produces a new and valuable variety of fruit superior or equal to any previously known of its kind, and introduces it to the public, should receive honorable mention. We take pleasure in noticing this week a new dessert apple introduced by Mr. Tunis Woolverton, the present editor of the *Canadian Horticulturist* and Secretary of the Fruit-Growers' Association of Ontario. It was brought to the notice of that society about eight years ago and named by them Princess Louise, in honor of her Royal Highness, who was then in this country. It is a seedling of the Snow, and was thus described in the *Canadian Horticulturist* by D. W. Beadle in 1881: "In form this apple is nearly conical, flattened somewhat at both ends; the stem is not very stout and projects beyond the cavity, which is deep and regular. The calyx is closed and set in a shallow, slightly wrinkled basin. The skin is smooth, and free from all blemishes, and has a very bright waxy lustre, as though it had been highly polished. The color is a clear, bright carnation or a transparent yellow ground. No description will convey any adequate idea of the extreme

beauty of this fruit, which is so striking that it would command attention in any market from its attractive appearance. But to this rare beauty of appearance it adds excellence of quality. The flesh is pure white like that of the snow apple, tender, juicy, and nearly as melting, with a richer flavor and higher aroma—indeed one of the most fragrant of apples. Mr. Woolverton considers it to possess all the qualities of the Snow apple besides being more beautiful and a better keeper. We fully coincide with him in the opinion that it is destined to take a leading place among our Canadian apples, and confident that this fruit will command attention in the English market whenever it may be produced in sufficient quantity." This apple has been exhibited at several horticultural meetings in the States by Messrs. Smith & Kerman, of St. Catharines, Ont., who have purchased the entire stock, and are propagating it. They have received numerous commendations from the Western New York Horticultural Society, the American Pomological Society, the *Rural New Yorker*, the *American Agriculturist*, and other sources, and a year ago last fall the American Institute of New York presented them a medal of excellence for the introduction of so valuable a fruit. We would welcome with gladness all such additions to our horticultural products, and give the originators due honors.—*Toronto Globe*.

Horticultural Items.

The grape crop of the country was quadrupled in the decade between 1875 and 1885.

The penalty for permitting black knot to grow on plum trees in Canada is five dollars.

Boston market gardeners grow onions and celery together as first and second crops. The onions are set in rows, every seventh row being left for the celery, plants of which are set 12 inches apart.

J. J. H. GREGORY says clubfoot in cabbage can be prevented by putting on ashes or other alkali. It appears to be produced by horse manure; but if hogs are kept in the stable cellar the manure does not have that effect. It does not trouble limestone lands. For early cabbage, spend half your manure appropriation for nitrate of soda. Cabbages too late to head may be covered with leaves and hay, and they will head in winter and bring good prices in spring.

The California Fruit Grower calls to order those parties who are publishing extravagant and overdrawn accounts of the fruit crops of that State for the purpose of inducing immigration and selling land, and says, very truly: "The ease with which fruit growers, packers and shippers are made wealthy on paper is astonishing. The fruit business, if properly conducted, is, one year with another, a good paying business, but growers and packers do not become immensely wealthy from the sale of their fruits in one or two years."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Orange County Farmer*, who grows a good many sorts of grapes, says: "Woodruff Red fruited with me for the first time. It is a very strong, rampant grower, and enormously productive, but if I were under oath I should hardly call it fit to eat. Some like it and call it good, but it is fussy. As it is so very hardy it might be an excellent grape to raise where better varieties cannot be grown, as it is better than none at all." Per contra, in *Green's Fruit Grower*, G. W. Campbell says he expects to see the Woodruff take a place beside the Worden and Concord in popular estimation. And Mr. Green and the editor of the *Orange County Farmer* unite in considering it altogether too fussy, and but a trifle better than the wild *Labrusca* of the woods.

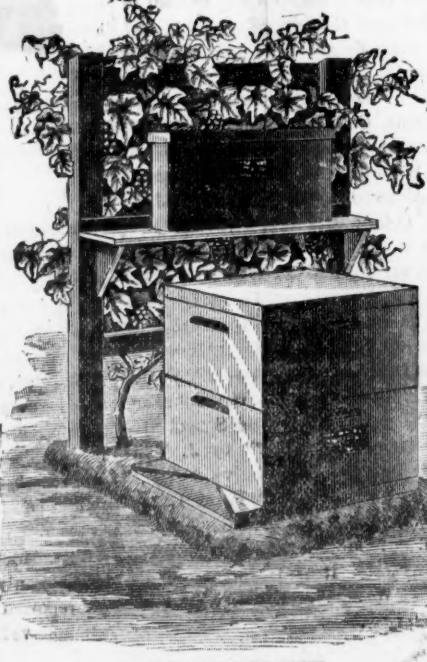
ADVOCATING the maintenance of the fertility of the orchard, T. H. Hoskins says, in *Vicks*: "I have never yet seen an orchard too rich for profit. I have never yet seen one upon which the last loads of manure did not pay the most profit. The most profitable orchard of the Williams' Favorite apple in the vicinity of Boston is kept 'as rich as a barnyard.' The fruit is double what might be called the normal size of the variety; every apple is handled like an egg, and is got into the market just at its point of perfection. This orchard is very profitable, though small. The only orchard to rival this, that I have seen, is in the city of Montreal, where I saw, some seven years ago, 31 trees of Fameuse, the fruit of which was sold, ungathered, that season, for \$800. They were very large and perfectly healthy trees, which had, all to themselves, almost an acre of rich land."

Apiarian.

THE FIRST YEAR OF BEEKEEPING.

Practical Hive-Making.

The hive described in last issue is designed for outdoor wintering and at the same time has many qualities superior to the single-walled hive for summer use, upon the principle that what will keep out the cold will also resist the excessive heat. But for the benefit of those who may desire inside or cellar wintering, and at the same time prefer a cheaper hive, I will illustrate a very pretty and convenient single walled hive called



SIMPLICITY BEE-HIVE.

the simplicity. The inside dimensions are the same as the broad chamber of the chaff hive. This hive is made of inch lumber dressed on both sides, and can be tiered up any height; the illustration shows one two stories high and the parts are interchangeable. It is adapted to the raising of either comb or extracted honey; as shown in cut the lower story represents what we call the broad chamber and upper story represents the surplus chamber for extracted honey; for comb honey, instead of the upper story as shown in cut, we use the crate as shown below which is the same as used in the chaff hive, and is interchangeable and can be tiered up any height, which is very essential.



CRATE FOR SECTIONS.

This crate as you will see holds 28 sections 4 1/2 by 4 1/2 inches square and 1 1/2 inches wide, this makes the crate to fit both the chaff and simplicity hive and all things considered I think it the best and this sized section the one most universally used; it holds when filled 14 to 16 ounces of comb honey and is very popular.

Now friends, all this talk about hives may not be interesting to many of you, but it is one of the first lessons in beekeeping whether you make or buy your supplies. Those of you who can make or get them made near home, should do so before the opening of spring, when every one is busy; and those who buy should place your orders early and save vexatious and damaging delays and by so doing you will save from five to ten per cent. If you think of making your own I would advise you to get a pattern of everything from some good dealer, and right here let me say, the first thing I would advise is, subscribe for some good apicultural journal, by so doing you will get some valuable information and the names of many supply dealers.

Anticipate the question, What shall I want for each colony that I commence with next spring? Ans. Two empty hives (unless you buy your bees in one), but I shall advise shipping in light shipping boxes to save expense; four empty crates for sections, two zinc queen excluder honey boards (that I will illustrate and explain later), 1 1/2 lbs. of heavy foundation for brood chamber and 1 1/2 pounds thin foundation for sections, and about 150 sections, but would advise you to buy not less than 500 sections as they come in crates holding that number and are much cheaper and will keep any length of time. You will also need a smoker and two enameled cloths to go over the frames; and later I will tell you how to make a cheap veil if you should need one. While I seldom use one, if you are afraid of bees I should advise you to use a veil.

In the next issue we will talk about "How, When and Where to Buy Bees." I shall be very glad when we can again hear their merry hum, and I can assure you the talks on manipulation and care of the little pets will be much more interesting than "hive-making," although I take comfort in making preparation for the coming season.

GEO. E. HILTON, Fremont.

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These Machines Guaranteed for Five Years!

Poetry.

REMEMBER SHE IS OLD.

Laugh not, O maiden, I pray you,
At the one who so slowly goes by
With tottering step and bowed figure,
Wasted features and dim sunken eye;
Hair white as the robe in which winter
The cold dreary earth doth enfold;
Laugh not, but remember, I pray you,
Remember, alas! she is old.

Once, 'mid the years gone forever,
She was peerless in beauty and grace;
The courtier around had no maiden
Who owned such a form—such a face;
Eyes lustrous as skies of the summer,
And hair with the splendor of gold;
A voice that was ever like music—
But her charms have departed—she's old!

So forget not, O maiden, I pray you,
If, like her, you live to old age,
You shall feel, too, the force of that language
Which speaks from that sad, wrinkled page!
For at three score and ten beauty withers,
And grace nevermore will behold—
With spring come the rose and the lily
But to fade when the year grows old!

—George Russell Lordley.

LOVE LIGHTED.

The silver days, the golden days,
The days of sunny weather,
With amber on the mountain line
And violet on the heather,
Are but remembered days, love,
Far fled from thee and me;
The lost delight is out of sight,
And love and love are we.

Yet the gray days, the dreary days,
With gusty storms blown hither,
And cloud rack smitten of the blast
And driven away whither—
Through sob and moan and anguish
These days of muffled glory,
Which dwellers stars illumine,
For in the mingled brightness
Of other years a lesson,
Too strong to break in any stress,
Bound round two souls together;
And better pain with these, love,
With thee, true heart to heart,
Than all the vanished sunshine,
And thou and I apart.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Miscellaneous.

THE AGENT'S STORY.

It was a hot afternoon—some of you may know how hot it can be on the prairie when there is no wind.

I was sitting in the little ticket office of the railroad station at which I was agent. From the window I could see the hot air rising from the sunburned buffalo grass, giving to the lonely ranch buildings scattered here and there in the distance an unstable, wavering appearance, as though they might at any moment blow away.

Presently out of the silence there came the foot falls of a horse's hoofs, stopping at the platform, and followed by a queer "pecking" sound over the planks and into the waiting-room. I looked up and saw a boy of about 14 standing in the doorway. His right leg was amputated above the knee, and he supported himself on a pair of light crutches, which had sliding straps like an army carbine.

He handed me an express order for a package to Col. Reed, a prominent cattleman, whose ranch buildings were about a mile south of the track.

"Are you the colonel's son?" I asked as I handed out the package.

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "Charles Reed is my name."

Then he turned and looked curiously in at the telegraphic instruments. He had such a bright, healthy and wide awake air, that I invited him to walk in and examine them, if he wished.

His eyes brightened immediately. "I'd like to, if you don't mind. The other agent was cross, and I was afraid to ask him."

Seeing that he was interested in them, I explained briefly the working of the key and sounder, and tried to give him some idea how a message was sent and received. He listened attentively, and seemed to comprehend pretty well.

"Yes," he said, as I concluded, "I know something about it, though only through what I have read. Would you mind writing out the alphabet for me?"

I wrote out the characters on a slip of paper, which he tucked carefully away in his pocketbook, and then, finding I was a stranger to that part of the west, he volunteered some information about the country, including a remarkably accurate description of the game birds and their habits, which, as a sportsman, I found very interesting. Before he left he told me that he had lost his leg during an Indian raid about four years ago, before the railroad was built. His father's ranch had been attacked without any warning. He was only ten years old at the time, and being out of doors, he had slipped away unobserved, and hidden in the corral, and while there was hit by a stray rifle ball in the knee.

I accompanied him to the door when he was ready to go, and was surprised to see how thoroughly at home he was on his pony. With his crutches slung behind him, he swung nimbly into the saddle, and started off toward home on a brisk gallop.

One afternoon, about a week later, he dropped in again, having meanwhile learned the telegraphic alphabet so that he could repeat all the characters easily, and next day the colonel himself stopped in on his way to town. He was a brisk, genial man, who had a habit of shaking hands with every one. He was a typical frontier ranchman. "See here, Mr. Agent," he said, "that boy of mine has a hankering to learn your business. He's kind of lonesome, you see—he can't play with the other boys on account of his leg—and now if you don't mind him having him around, and will teach him what you can—he's pretty bright, and can learn most anything—why, I'll make it worth your while. What's your charge?"

"Why, colonel," I replied, laughing at his business-like manner, "I shall be glad to have him draw up an apt pupil."

Charles was an apt pupil. In about a month he could send and receive a message, though of course not very rapidly. His father was so delighted with his progress that he made me a present of a riding pony; and

shortly after, when Charles got it into his head that it would be a fine thing to have a private line from the ranch to the station, the colonel had me order two instruments and a coil of wire from Chicago.

Under my direction the cowboys put it up, and though it wasn't stretched very tight, and the poles were only fence posts splined together, it worked as well as the main line. The instrument on my end of the line I did not care to have in the office, for fear that officious gentlemen, the line-man, would object, and so I set it up on one side of the big, empty freight room.

The autumn was now well advanced, and I found that my duties, instead of increasing, grew lighter. There were but two freight trains every other day, and the daily mail and express, east and west, went through between the hours of 1 and 4 in the morning, so that I had a great deal of time on my hands. I spent much of it shooting chickens with Charley—he was an excellent shot from the saddle, though he told me he had a time of it training his pony to stand fire—and the rest of the time I read or rode out over the trails in the delicious Indian summer weather.

One night, about the middle of October, we had a terrific thunder and wind storm, with a blinding fall of rain and hail. It came up after the west bound train had left, and about an hour before the eastern train was due. I was awakened by the noise, and got up to look out. The rain was falling in torrents, and the wind shook the building, while the lightning flashed incessantly.

I was still looking out watching the furious storm, when an unusually bright flash revealed for an instant the figures of a group of horsemen loping across the prairie toward the station. I stood still to catch another glimpse of them, if possible, but without success; they had probably turned off to the left.

Shortly afterward I heard them at the other end of the building, where they stopped, I supposed, to seek shelter from the storm; or possibly they were going to take the train. It was not unusual for passengers to come around an hour before train time, so I thought little of it at the time.

However, before I left the window, I heard them tramping around the platform to the door, and drawing back to one side, I waited to see them pass. Between trains I always kept a lamp burning, but turned down low and it shone out now through the window; and as the men stepped into the faint bar of light, I got quite a distinct view of them.

They were all heavily built. Each one wore a yellow "slicker" coat and had his slouch hat pulled down close to keep off the rain, and around each one's face, just below the eyes, was tied a red "harvester's" handkerchief. This struck me as unusual, and I was puzzled for a moment until it occurred to me that perhaps they were worn as a protection against the hail.

A moment later they were pounding at the door for admittance. Now, as a rule, I did not like to admit any one so long before train time. I sometimes had express money packages on hand, with no safe to put them in. I once carried a package of \$2,000 in my pocket three days before the owner called for it, and so I was somewhat apprehensive at times for my safety.

"That night, however, I had only a few dollars of my own and an almost empty mail pouch, but before opening the door, I sang out: "Who's there and what do you want?"

"Passengers for the train," came the answer. "We're all wet, an' want to get in out of the rain."

I unlocked the door and they crowded into the room. In the brighter light indoors the handkerchiefs that concealed their faces looked so much like an attempt at disguise—and a pretty good one at that—that for a moment I was startled, and made a hasty step toward the ticket office. Before I could take another, however, one of the men struck me with his fist, and though the blow was not a hard one it was so unexpected that it knocked me completely off my feet. Then two of them seized me while I was down, turned me on my face and held me, while the others bound my hands firmly behind me. They next bound my feet, and then rolled me over again on my back.

"Now, my chicken," said one, who appeared to be the leader, "we ain't got nothin' agin you an' won't hurt you as long as you keep quiet; but sure as you yell or make a noise, there'll be some shootin'."

They seemed to be familiar with the office and its surroundings and probably had been there before. Two of them picked me up and carried me toward the freight room, while another went ahead with the lamp and opened the door. Here they looked around for a moment, then laid me down against the side of the building, with an old coat under my head for a pillow, and, bidding me keep "mum," returned to the waiting-room.

Thus left alone in the dark, I began to think and pretty fast, too, for I was thoroughly excited.

Their scheme was evident enough—to way-lay the train there and rob the express and mail cars. The express messenger always had money in the safe on the east run, and not infrequently gold bullion from the mines further west, so in case they were successful, they would secure a large sum. There had been several like attempts throughout the country lately, and I felt sure that this was their object.

By taking the train men by surprise they might easily overpower them, then separating the mail and express cars from the rest of the train, run them a mile or two further east with the engine and plunder them at their leisure. This plan had been successfully carried out on another road a short time before, and there was no reason why it should not be again successful, unless in some manner I could prevent it.

I tried to loosen my hands, but they were tied too securely—so tightly that the cords almost cut the flesh. Then I reflected that even if I were loose, I should be unable to get out and flag the train, for both freight cars were padlocked and the key was in the ticket office drawer.

About this time the door leading to the waiting room was opened and one of the roughs looked in.

"Say, young fellow, are you alive yet?" he asked.

"Yes," I responded.

"Well, we want to know if there's any-

thing you've got to do to this here telegraph machine so they won't suspect nothin'—any report to make?"

"This was pretty cool, and for a moment I thought I might still have an opportunity to warn the dispatcher, and was on the point of saying 'Yes' when another voice cut me short.

"You let him get his claws on that machine an' he'll have 'em stop the train. Don't be a fool; come out an' shut the door."

The door slammed and once more I was left in the dark.

I was now beginning to suffer from my constrained position and the cutting of the cords, so I began to cast about me for relief; and then suddenly I remembered a reaper blade that had been left at the station a few days ago by express. It was loose from the board and I laid it in a corner so that no one could be hurt by it accidentally. Accordingly I rolled over and over until my feet touched the opposite wall, and then sitting up with my back toward the corner, I felt for the blade with my hands.

To my great satisfaction I found it, got the cord across one of the teeth and carefully sawed it back and forth.

In a moment my hands were free and then I loosened my feet. I then took off my shoes. This done I was able to move about without making any noise.

Still I was unable to accomplish anything, for it was impossible to get out, and I was on the point of composing myself in my old position, to avoid another knock-down, should the roughs look in, when a slight "spiz-z-z," followed by a bright sparkle, attracted my attention to the south side of the line. It was the instrument on the private line, affected by the lightning—a common occurrence in all offices during thunderstorms.

I stepped up to it quickly and tried the circuit. It was all right, though the rain made such a noise on the roof that I could hardly hear the sounder. It was not probable that I could get an answer from Charley at that time of night, but as my only resource it was worth trying. So I started in, making his call, "Ch."

"Ch—ch—ch!" I rattled; and presently, to my surprise, the circuit was opened and the response came:

"Then I talked" to him—in my excitement I talked a great deal faster than he could take, and he interrupted me with "sloower."

"I-I," I said, "call your father."

"Not home," came the answer; "all hands gone out to round up a bunch of cattle stamped by the storm."

"I-I—I—I—I," I answered, stopping to reflect. Then I went ahead again:

"Can you ride over to the west cut and signal the train to stop?"

"Yes; what for?"

"Get a lantern and put a piece of thin red flannel around it if you can. Swing it across the track when you see the headlight and keep it up till they stop. Tell conductor there are eight men here waiting to rob his train. Be quick about it."

"O. K. By George!" This last by way of expressing his surprise, I suppose, and then the ticking stopped.

I now began to feel that the roughs would be foiled, though of course it all depended upon Charley. But it was something that just suited his nature. I could imagine him on his pony, lantern in hand, tearing across the prairie as though a band of Comanches was after him.

Meanwhile I thought it best to take my old position against the wall, to avoid any suspicion, should the robbers grow inquisitive. So I lay there and waited and waited—the time seemed fairly to drag along—until I felt certain that the train was due. But it did not come, though the movements of the roughs convinced me that I had guessed aright—it was probably a little overdue by this time and they were getting restless. Presently one of them opened the door and looked in. "Say, operator, is that train on time?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "they were on time the last I heard them reported—about 3 o'clock."

He retired again, and for about ten minutes all was still. Then above the noise of the storm a far away whistle sounded faintly. Next there was a hurried movement in the outer room—the roughs were crowding out upon the platform.

I sprang to my feet and stood against the side of the building next the track, and by putting my ear against the boards I could hear the distant rumble of the train, now fast nearing the station. I tried to imagine where the roughs had placed themselves. Probably around the corner of the building, ready to rush out, revolvers in hand.

The train was now quite near, and presently it drew up to the station with a rumble and roar and hissing of air brakes. Almost instantly I heard the shouted command, "Hands up!" followed by the reports of four or five revolvers and the sound of scuffling on the planks, which, however, was soon ended, and then a veritable babel of voices and the noise of many feet on the platform.

I dashed out through the waiting room to see how things had gone and soon found the conductor.

"Hallo, Leith, is that you? We have prevented that robbery this time, thanks to your warning. I borrowed half a dozen revolvers from the passengers and called for volunteers, so when we pulled in there were twelve men on the platform ready for business. We've got the robbers in the baggage car—come along and see 'em."

They were a hard looking set of men. Two of them lay on the floor wounded, though not seriously.

About this time Charley made his appearance on his crutches, clad only in a pair of trousers and a red flannel shirt, one sleeve of which he had torn off to draw over the lantern. He was wet through, his hat was gone, and altogether he looked so forlorn, that the passengers, who were profuse in their sympathy and praise, began to make up a purse for him.

After the train had left, I found him in the waiting room and here we discussed the affair, and tried to think how much we should charge the express company for the use of our private line. A few days later, more as a joke than anything else, we sent in a bill for \$500 which was paid promptly, with many thanks for what they called our "prompt action."—George Leith, in *Youth's Companion*.

The pilgrim takes a painful interest in his bunions' progress.

A SET OF SAPPHIRES.

"John"—pretty Mrs. Cecil Morgan stood beside her husband's chair with a strange hesitancy of look and manner—"could you let me have a little money?"

John Morgan, head book-keeper in the commission-house of Macray & Co., laid down his morning paper with a stifled sigh. He looked up kindly into the fair, rose-tinted face of his young wife, whose sapphire blue eyes were bent on him expectantly. He did not reply for a moment, but drew her down on his lap, and stroked the curly golden hair with his slim, white fingers. She was a lovely, loving, but thoughtless little woman—she was his wife, and he loved her devotedly—but sometimes, not often, her vanities jarred on his finer sensibilities; for Cecil Morgan was not the man like her husband, whose worth, honesty and nobility of thought were simply incomprehensible to her tender, but shallow nature.

"So you want a little money. How much, Cecil?"

He smiled as the dimples came and went in the smooth pink cheeks.

"Oh, ever so much, John."

Cecil's spirit rose as she caressed her jeweled fingers, and she laughed in a childish fashion.

"Well, out with it. How much? Tell me,"—as she hesitated, "I must hurry down town, as we are unusually busy just now."

"You are always that when I want anything," pouted Cecil.

"Why, you know that lovely set of sapphires in Ruby & Co.'s window—Mrs. Morgan paused, and her spirits fell a trifle for John's face grew suddenly clouded; "they are just perfect, and would suit my style—match my eyes, you know—and they are only two hundred dollars. I want them to wear with my white moire at Mrs. Cassel's reception."

"Indeed?" was John's comment, as he coughed slightly, and deliberately seated his wife on an ottoman at his side.

"Cecil"—he rose slowly to his feet—"I am sorry to refuse you, but I cannot spare that amount of money at present."

"But they are just lovely, John," persisted Mrs. Morgan, with heightened color, "and so unique! These settings are peculiar in design—so chaste and delicate, and they are so cheap. Only two hundred for the complete set!"

"Cecil"—John Morgan looked as if he was about to tell some very unwholesome truths—"what would my employers think of my wife wearing a two hundred dollar set of jewelry? Some of your evening dresses have already excited comment; but no one knew I had walked to and from the office, denied myself cigars, and even the daily papers, to pay for your extravagance."

"My extravagance!" cried Mrs. Morgan, with a subdued wail, as she put her handkerchief to her eyes and burst into childish tears—"a weak woman's best defense. That's always the cry—my extravagance!"

"No, Cecil," he said sadly, as he laid his hand on the golden head, "you cannot say that I often reproach you with extravagance. But I am tired of living on fare only fit for a hermit, and the everlasting pinching in every thing but dress. You do not need this jewelry, if you had it; for men with only moderate salaries must put up with moderate luxuries. I will deny you nothing in reason, but you cannot have those sapphires."

There was a ring of unmistakable decision in his voice. He slowly drew on his overcoat and gloves, evidently expecting some reply from his wife. But she made none, and suddenly refused to look up as he stooped to kiss her.

"Don't let us quarrel over such baubles, Cecil," he said gently, as he stroked the silken hair. "Life is too short to be wasted in foolish bickerings."

Then the door closed on him, and Mrs. Morgan burst into a passion of angry tears, for she had set her frivolous heart on the sapphires, and it was not often she did not obtain her heart's desire. She was a blonde, of the most attractive type—very lovely, with a flower-like face, and a graceful figure that she loved to array in costly raiment. Her husband's forced economy was often a sore trial to her, and was the cause of many annoying differences. Had she possessed one atom of financial judgment she would have seen that their present style of living taxed her husband's salary to the utmost. But she had been a spoiled and pretty child, educated under fashionable influences, and when, by one of those strange freaks of fancy, John Morgan—grave, matter-of-fact John—proposed, Cecil, after the manner of too many of her sex, married him, with the expectation that her married life would be one long dream of satisfied wants; for John was a rising man, and expected a partnership in the firm. But his wife's evident love of display weakened his chances of promotion, and Cecil secretly fretted over the self-denial and economy her circumstances forced her to endure.

"I never wanted anything so bad in my life," she murmured, as she dried her eyes and looked around the breakfast room, with its warmth and sunlight, tasteful furniture, chaste pictures and blooming plants in the bay window, "and I think John might let me have them. That hateful Mrs. Pryn will be sure to be out with something odd in jewels. If I could only eclipse her! I must have them, somehow, for they would contrast beautifully with the snowy whiteness of my dress."

She rose with a languid yawn, and in stepping toward the window, trampled on some flat substance. She stooped down and picked up John's pocketbook!

"Bless me," she exclaimed, smiling dimpling her rosy cheeks, "what a lucky find! I wonder what's in it?"

She smilingly unlaced it, and a roll of bank notes fell out, which she counted with swift precision.

"Two hundred exactly," she ejaculated, "and John said that he could not spare the money. Well, what belongs to my husband belongs to me, and I will have those sapphires!"

She laughed gaily as she walked out of the room to dress, for she impulsively determined to secure the sapphires before John would miss the money. Delight lent haste to her nimble fingers, and before many minutes she was on the street looking so bright and fresh in her walking suit of Quaker drab that many admiring eyes followed the graceful figure.

Poor heedless Cecil never thought of the

consequences of her foolish act, although she expected John would rebuke her severely for spending the money; but she trusted to his leniency and her own powers of persuasion to soften his wrath. He had never, as he said, refused her anything in reason, and if this was an apparently useless purchase, she could easily turn the jewels into money, if the rainy day John was always predicting ever arrived.

On her return from Ruby & Co., with the jewel casket safely stowed away in her pocket, she was brought to a sudden standstill by meeting her husband coming out of the dining-room with a perturbed and anxious countenance. Her face flushed guiltily, for she knew, or imagined she did, the cause of his agitation.

"Cecil," he said hurriedly, "I have lost my pocket-book. Did you find it?"

"Lost your pocket-book?" echoed Mrs. Morgan, feigning great surprise and evading his question—not that she meant to deny finding it, but the confession required more moral courage than she could muster at present.

"Yes, lost my pocket book," repeated Mr. Morgan in a troubled voice; "and the money in it belonged to the firm."

Mrs. Morgan's heart stood still with consternation, and she grew white to the lips.

"John," she gasped as if something was choking her, "tell me—how it was?"

"It was this way. Macray gave me two hundred dollars as I was leaving the office yesterday evening to pay a bill we owed Henry & Sons. But they were closed when I reached their office, and I brought the money home with me, intending to pay it as I went down town this morning; but owing to a death in the family the store was still closed, and I never knew I had lost the money until I had reached our own office. Cecil, are you sure it's not in the house?"

"I—I am sure I don't know," stammered Cecil, too overwhelmed with fear and mortification to think rationally.

No John's money! She felt dazed and crushed, and totally unable to confess her folly. She dropped into a hall chair, looking so weak and ill that John forgot his own trouble in anxiety for Cecil.

"You must not be frightened, wife," he said kindly; "it may turn up in the house. Come, help me to search for it."

Cecil rose up mechanically, and followed him from room to room, listening in mute terror to his regrets when the pocket book could not be found. Involuntarily her hand went down in the pocket of her dress, and as she clutched the jewel case in her cold fingers a dead faintness almost overcame her, for, try as she would, she could not draw it forth or force her lips to confess what to her awakened conscience seemed nothing less than theft. She knew her husband's indignation would be deep, although not loudly expressed, for dishonesty of any kind was contemptible in his eyes. Would he excuse it in his wife? Ah, no! And as the sinful aspect of the affair presented itself to her mind, her shame and agitation increased, and she found it still more difficult to confess her error.

"It's strange," commented Mr. Morgan, musingly, as after thoroughly searching the rooms, they passed in the hall, "I must have dropped it in the house, and it cannot be found. Or, could any one have picked my pocket, Cecil?" A startled expression came into his eyes, and he hastily examined the inside pocket of his overcoat.

"No," he said with a little laugh, "no one could pick that pocket without my knowledge. It must have fallen out." He looked keenly—without any suspicion of the truth, however—at the lovely, downcast face of his wife. "Cheer up, little wife," he said with affected gaiety. "I must go back to the office; but you keep a sharp lookout for the money. It may have got knocked into some dark corner."

"Does—does—?" stammered Cecil, hot with anxiety, "does the firm know it?"

"Macray does. I told him before I left the office."

And John Morgan shut the door with a bang, an unusual roughness for him, leaving his wife standing in the dim light, as if stricken dumb.

The large roomy office in the commission house of Macray & Co. was a blaze of golden spring sun shine, as John Morgan, flushed with his walk through the crisp morning air, entered it, after his fruitless search. His face wore a troubled expression as he went up to Mr. Macray, a white-haired, benevolent man.

"I have searched the house effectually for that pocketbook, and—"

"You did not find it, John?" quickly interrupted Mr. Macray, with a curious smile.

"No, sir, I did not; and I cannot account for its loss."

"John"—Mr. Macray laid his morning paper across his knees, removed his gold eye-glasses and looked up into the face of his faithful book-keeper—"I would never for one moment doubt your word. But did you ask your wife about it?"

"I did."

"And she denied all knowledge of it?"

"She did not find it,"—John Morgan looked more troubled than ever—"and we went over the house together."

"Ah!" Mr. Macray's fine old face flushed slightly, and he lowered his voice, as if fearful of being overheard by the clerks in the outer office. "Listen to me a moment, John. To-day is my daughter Sibyl's twentieth birthday, and I went down to Ruby & Co.'s to buy her a set of sapphires that have been on exhibition for a few days. They were just what I wanted for a birthday gift, and the price was two hundred dollars. The clerk regretfully informed me they had been sold to Mrs. Morgan, the wife of my book-keeper, but a few moments before."

"Cecil!"—John Morgan grasped the rail of the desk for support—"my wife! Where did she get the money?"

"That is just the question I want you to answer—where did she get it?" said Mr. Macray, keenly watching the trembling face of the younger man. "I asked the clerk if they were paid for. 'Yes,' he replied, 'in full; and he opened the safe, and showed me a roll of bank notes; and John, much as I regret to say it, it was the identical roll I gave you last evening to pay that bill at Henry & Sons. Now, did your wife find the pocket-book; or was it ever lost, John?"

John Morgan dropped to the floor like one stricken a heavy blow; and a slight stream of blood issued from his pallid lips. Mr.

Macray hastily telephoned for a physician, and Mrs. Morgan. "Don't be alarmed," John said, faintly. "I have not been strong lately, and the shock was too much for me. Oh, Cecil, Cecil!"

Half an hour later Mrs. Morgan entered the office with a white, scared face. Her eyes were blinded by tears, and Mr. Macray and the physician were unnoticed as she hurried to her husband's side.

"John," she cried in great distress, "don't let the loss of that money kill you. For I found it, and spent it—I didn't know it belonged to the firm—for that set of sapphires."

She threw the casket into his lap, and John laid his head against the carved back of his chair, his face slowly reddening with shame.

"Speak to me, John," she sobbed hysterically, "I'll never be so wicked again; never spend a dollar without your consent."

Mr. Macray stepped forward, and laid his hand on her arm.

"Don't agitate your husband, Mrs. Morgan; he is faint yet. Settle this matter in the future."

But Cecil in deep humility, went down on her knees, and laid her face on her husband's breast, breathing words of contrition, that softened and revived the grieving heart.

Mr. Macray

